

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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IN THE MORNING

COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come, to Him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers.
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor
When thine aim is good and true;
And that He may ever thwart thee
And convert thee
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within.
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Only God's free gifts abuse not;
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey.
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. CANITZ.

(Translated by Henry Buckoll)

THE POWER OF A GLOWING PERSONALITY

*"Did not our heart burn within us while he talked
with us by the way, and while he opened to us the
Scriptures."—LUKE XXIV, 32.*

The state of mind of these men on their way to Emmaus may be thought of as typifying the condition of the world today. Since the war we have been in the presence of reaction. Lesser men have drifted in weariness and despair, and, in many instances, nobler men have lived to regret the dreams of yesterday.

Into the hearts of these disciples, even in the hour of darkest gloom, came an enthralling new hope, giving to old dreams fresh meaning. Their hearts burned with a sense of new allurements, of spiritual enterprises and conquests. In view of their experience, we members in the Church may hope for quickening for ourselves and others.

The disciples had staked all upon a cause, or rather upon a Person. Full consciousness of our Lord's mission had not possessed them; but they had come to have a profound faith in Jesus of Nazareth and had centered all their hopes in Him. Then had fallen upon them the death of this Person whom they had so trusted. He was crucified as a malefactor; and there seemed an end to all hopes staked on Him.

It is a tribute to the shining personality of our Lord that, even in this blackest hour, a wistful loyalty reveals itself in His disciples. Cruel disillusionment cannot shake from their hearts a dim expectancy that in some way the situation may yet be remedied. There is more than the note of loyalty in the words: "We trusted that it had been He which should redeem Israel."

Then suddenly a stranger joins them in the way, asking: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?"

In response to the quickening voice of the Stranger they feel new hopes, envisage a new realm, are moved to action, and go on to work for the conquest of the world in the name of Him whom they have trusted.

In the present hour, if this war-torn, war-stricken world could have a vision of Jesus of Nazareth, it might work new conquests.

I would not disparage the importance of organization in spiritual enterprise in an age when all life is established on the basis of big movements. Yet it is not by organization that new aspiration and new hope arise, but by the power of new contacts.

The mountain-tops of vision give men glowing words that bring conviction of new experiences.

Let me say a word as to the contents of Jesus' message. "He opened to them the Scriptures." This was the cause of their waking. What were these Scriptures? The Old Testament canon. Its words had not always been received by minds so reverent. Its authors had suffered for their faith and vision. Their words had not been understood. Perhaps they are not yet understood altogether. In a sense, these disciples knew the words as well as Jesus. But He *opened to them their meaning*.

These records of experience, hope, vision, the communion with God of great souls of the past, God has used to make known His truth in the world. Back of the Bible there is experience.

Every thought of the Bible has come to expression because men first lived it. Jesus, on the way to Emmaus, revealed the living thought of Scripture. He began with Moses. Who was Moses? One who endured as seeing Him who is invisible; a man who loved freedom and in his love found new fellowship with God; a man who felt and confessed the sins of his people, as the suffering Servant of Isaiah bore the sins of men. As Jesus opened the Scriptures, His *living Personality became real* to these men and they understood and thrilled at the thought.

I suppose that all of us have in life enlightening moments.

Often as we view a landscape, our companion remarks upon something that we have not seen. Then a finger is pointed, and we, also, see.

Is not this the function of a great religious teacher—to make men see?

We have thought so long in terms of science that we forget the sudden gleam in life when all is changed by the glory of vision.

Jesus opened to them the Scriptures. We must open the Scriptures to men.

We must enable people to grasp the teachings of the Bible; must bring men under the power of God, to whom the Scriptures lead; must take away the veil; must teach the spirit, not the letter, and so open the Scripture to men.

Dr. John Daniel Jones, of Bournemouth, has

a sermon on "Many other things did Jesus in the presence of His disciples which are not written in this book." Dr. Jones seeks to point out what would be the results of the life of Jesus lived constantly in the world today, every enterprise being an expression of His spirit.

God is writing great things in the chapters still going on. If we were not dull of heart, we should understand the glory of this record.

There are spiritual capacities in ordinary men, if we only could discover them. There they are, ready to respond to some great revealing appeal or pointing out of Jesus.

God still is writing in the hearts and lives of men.

Every man is worth while. The two men on the Emmaus road said: "We trusted that it had been He that should redeem Israel." That day Jesus taught these disciples that they must *share his work and his sacrifice*. He reveals salvation as the way of the soul, something that we are to share with Him. We have the privilege of working out with Christ His glory of redemption.

I appeal not for a fiery enthusiasm that shall be burned out tomorrow, but for a glow that endures. For these two men, disillusionment was wiped out forever by the shining of the new vision. Men like them Jesus sets at the task of fulfilling His mission.

"Did not our heart burn within us?"

Thus it always is when the Scripture is open to us and our hearts are open to its truth. Are we in despair for our city or our nation? The way to faith, hope and Christian activity for us is the same way that brought to these men final reality. When *Christ opens to us the Scripture*, we shall *have an experience such as theirs* and shall be sent forth to like tasks.—

Rev. William E. Gilroy, D.D.

FOUR THINGS

FOUR things a man must learn to do

If he would keep his record true—

To think without confusion, clearly;

To love his fellow men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—*Ruskin*.

A SINGER OF THE FAITH

ISAAC WATTS, the great hymn-writer of the early eighteenth century, who rescued English hymnody from the sterility and weakness to which it had fallen, and produced some of the greatest hymns in all Christian hymnology, was memorialized recently when a small band of interested people attended the rededication of his tomb in the churchyard of Wesley's Chapel in the Cityroad, London.

Dr. Watts, who also was the Rev. Dr. Watts, for he served for some years as a pastor, wrote over six hundred hymns, the best known of which are "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Joy to the World," "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." His hymns took the religious world by storm, and even fifty years or more after his death they sold on an average at the rate of a thousand copies a week. He also was a writer of note on social, educational and theological subjects.

Bunhill Fields, the graveyard where he is buried (as is also John Bunyan, who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*), is across the street from the chapel, and enclosed on one side by the blank walls of the Honorable Artillery Company Armory and on the other by scores of city offices, is as quiet and remote as any country plot.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, the year in which John Milton died. He came of a dissenting stock. His grandfather, Thomas, was commander of a man-of-war under Blake. His father, Isaac, was a clothier. He is described as for forty-eight years a deacon of a Congregational Church in Southampton, England.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I would rather risk future fame upon one lyric than upon ten volumes." Isaac Watts will live by his hymns. Until his day Christian song was uncultivated. It is not surprising. Not long before it was only in the lonely passes through the mountains and the woods that men could lift up their voices in praise without danger of being hurried off to prison. The Psalmody was poor indeed. Sternhold and Hopkins and Tate and Brady provided the sickly sentiment, poverty-stricken thought and bad rhythm used in the Church of England, while the Nonconformists had Patrick and Bunyan, with all their weaknesses and vagaries.

The coming of Isaac Watts was as the sunshine bursting forth after a day of clouds. The great Puritans were men of war. Their orations were battle cries, their devotional ardor deep and strong, their eloquence often of the highest order. They wrestled with God, but of Psalmody they knew little. Their religion was expressed in agonizing prayer rather than in the lilt of song. The festive side of worship was not

for them. When Isaac Watts issued his first collection of hymns, throughout the land and across the Atlantic there was a new sound in public worship.

No great poet attains his supremacy except by becoming universal. Isaac Watts overflowed all denominational limitation. Christians of every name delight to join in singing the hymns he composed.

The characteristics of Dr. Watts' verse are tender faith, serene piety and reposeful joyousness. If poetry may be defined as noble thought expressed in worthy language, Isaac Watts is sure of his position. His imagination was as chaste as it was lofty and held by a reverent reticence. For devotional fervor, manly reverence and evangelical experience commend me to Isaac Watts. When my faith wavers and I halt, remind me again of the lines:

Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?

If the morning is dull and the clouds heavy with rain, what better to arouse devotion than "Now to the Lord a cheerful song"? If the occasion be festive, the heart filled with gladness, there is fitting expression in

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.

If the heart be very sore and empty and we long for a touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, what better than to listen to the song:

There is a land of dear delight
Where saints immortal reign?

We do well to restore the tombs of those who have taught us to sing. The prophets of religion have prompted and inspired great movements, but their work goes into the structure and is forgotten. The poets and psalmists remain. Religion is never so powerful as when it can be set to music and sung by the multitude.—J. C. Carlisle, in "*The British Weekly*."

THE NON-TROMBONIST'S REWARD

"BUT," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument; I never practised while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," chuckled the old saint. "That's why you are here."

FIFTY-FIFTY

RESTAURANT CASHIER—This is a counterfeit, sir.

DINER—So was the salad I had—veal masquerading as chicken.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

REQUESTS

1. A Family Bible, dictionary, and Stonewall Jackson Cook Book are asked for by Mrs. Georgia Davis, 307 So. 14th St., Wilmington, N. C.

2. Mrs. James A. Lovell, Elamsville, Va., R. 1, will be glad of light reading and cards for the family—six children, all young.

3. Miss F. A. Langley, 333 Ohio St., Bangor, Maine, still wants postage stamps. She sells the canceled stamps for her support.

4. A dictionary is much wanted by Dorris Tuggle, Elamsville, Va., Box 9, a fifteen-year-old girl with five sisters and three brothers.

5. Eva Dunovant (care of J. S. Dunovant), Spencer, Va., a girl eleven years old, who lost her mother in February, will be glad to hear from some other little girl and to receive reading.

6. Earl Kingsley (eleven years old), in the fifth grade, and Jessie (nine), in the second grade, ask for stories, cards, and magazines. Their address is Scotland, Ark.

7. Mrs. Justin Barker, Grassy Creek, N. C., Box 75, crippled from knee trouble, is the mother of four children. She asks for reading and for thread to sew her patchwork.

8. Ten years ago, before I was married, I taught school. Had a first-grade Georgia certificate. Now it is imperative for me to teach again, but I find I am sadly deficient in a good many subjects, so I wish to put this year into study of the things that I need. I have not the means to go to school or to pay for a correspondence course.

One of the subjects that I must study is music, including sight singing, history of music, songs to be used in the schoolroom for little folks. It is primary work that I shall do. I should be glad of any suggestions or help that you can give me. I went to the third grade in music on the piano, but did not study the history of music or singing. Knowing what I do of piano music, I think (with some help) I can learn the other at home.

I am going to study for the next year examinations; that will give me eighteen (18) months. I hope to be able to teach again then.

I will return the favor in any way that I can. (Mrs.) Moore Altman, Wauchula, Fla., R. 3.

9. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice things sent me. The children were pleased with the cards and picture books. I surely do appreciate every thing that was sent, and I feel very grateful to all for the pleasure it gave. When I wrote before I only had those three little girls; now I have a baby boy one month old. His name is Chester Leander. (Mrs.) John Nowell, Silas Creek, N. C.

10. As neither my mother nor I can walk out in the cool shade, we would enjoy letters and books from anyone. I am interested in used postage stamps, and also sell them to get postage, so am glad to have any, especially very old ones on the envelopes. I am glad to pass on cheer and have some stamps for collectors. Alma Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine.

11. It has been a long time since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I hope they have not forgotten me, and I wish to thank them for what they have sent me in the past. (Mrs.) James M. Starling, Chilhowie, Va., R. 2.

12. I have a little girl in high school, very anxious to finish her education. She asked me to write to some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, who have been so kind to me in the past years, for the following books: *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. She will read these books in school for her parallel work. (Mrs.) Mary A. McGehee, Vulcan, Va.

13. I should be very glad to receive magazines or novels. I have three girls, aged twenty-one, nine, and seven years, also boys of sixteen years, twelve, and a little one four years old. They will be glad of anything anyone may care to send that may be of interest to them. I should particularly like *St. Elmo*. (Mrs.) Beathilde Hassell, Windward Side, Saba, D. W. I. My clergyman's name and address is Rev. G. L. G. Mandeville, The Rectory, Bottom Saba, D. W. I.

14. I am coming to you again for cheer. I have written before and have been disappointed, but I truly hope that my little note will be printed and that I may hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a widow sixty years of age and in very poor health. I would greatly appreciate quilt scraps and knitting yarn of any kind. My youngest son and I live alone, and appreciate any kind of cheer. (Mrs.) Tamsy Neaves, Jefferson, N. C.

15. I wish to acknowledge with thanks several packages of cards and song books that I received which had no name on them. They surely help pass the time away, and the children are delighted with their cards. Mrs. Clara Lutton has charged me to express her thanks for things received by her. (Mrs.) Margaret Hauschild, Aetna, Kansas.

16. It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*, but I hope it has not been so long that I am forgotten. I would love to receive thread for tatting and crochet work, and house plants of any kind will be appreciated. I lost

all of my house plants winter before last, as I was not able to take care of them, but I surely should like some that will bloom this winter. Any kind of reading matter will also be appreciated. I thank you for past favors. (Mrs.) H. H. Foster, Post, Garza Co., Texas, Box 132.

Mrs. C. L. Harrington, of Swatara, Minn., passed away July 4, 1925. Her name is familiar to many readers of our little paper, for she had been for many years one of our correspondents. She will be missed not only by relatives and near-by friends, but also by those who never met her save through the intercourse of our informal society.

WHAT MAKES SEED GROW

EACH tiny seed is a little factory in itself wherein various processes go on busily and when completed the seed is ready to germinate. Once completed, the seed must be sown or it loses its vitality. In each live seed these processes go on even when stored in bins and granaries.

One of the active agents in this work inside the seed is known as an enzyme, a sort of ferment which changes the starchy stored food into sugar. This activity tends toward lowering the vitality of the seed. Then, too, the vitality of seed is largely dependent upon the harvesting. If seed is harvested before it is completely ripened, its vitality is lower than if it is ripe. Seed harvested in wet weather is believed to be of lower vitality than that harvested in dry weather.

There is a large percentage of loss to the seedman in seed whose period of vitality is short and which does not last over one season. If he cannot sell it, he must face the loss and fresh seed must be secured each year, as old seed soon tells its tale in lack of germination when sown. Some seed has much longer life than others, some being better in germinating quality the second year than the first.

Grain seeds which lose their vitality comparatively quickly are corn, wheat, rye, oats and blue grass. Clover and alfalfa are long-lived seeds. Clover has been known to germinate after thirty-five years of burial in the earth. However, the story of seeds from tombs of the ancient Pharaohs germinating are declared fakes by scientists who have investigated. No seed lives for centuries. It would be welcome news for seedsmen if this were true.

Storehouses for seeds are kept at a fairly even temperature for the best preservation of the vitality.—*Indianapolis News*.

SCENES FROM FAMOUS STORIES

"CRANFORD," BY MRS. GASKELL

MRS. ELIZABETH GASKELL, in England seventy years ago, knew in friendly, happy fashion a good deal about the life of older English women in small towns. In the volume called *Cranford* she described with genuine sympathy and at the same time with a great sense of fun, the doings of a group of neighbors—gentle, kindly people, with streaks of foolish pride and prejudice, but essentially loveable.

The story is supposed to be told by Mary, a young friend of Miss Matty Jenkyns. Miss Matty is an elderly unmarried woman, with very little money but with a keen sense of dignity.

MISS BARKER'S TEA PARTY

ONE morning, as Miss Matty and I sat at our work,—it was before twelve o'clock and Miss Matty had not changed the cap with yellow ribbons,—Martha came up and asked if Miss Betty Barker might see her mistress. Miss Matty assented and quickly disappeared to change the yellow ribbons, while the guest came upstairs; but as she had forgotten her spectacles and was rather flurried, I was not surprised to see her return with one cap on top of the other. She was quite unconscious of it herself, and looked at us with bland satisfaction. Nor do I think that Miss Barker perceived it, for, putting aside the little circumstance that she is not so young as she had been, she was very much absorbed in her errand.

Miss Barker had had a good situation as a lady's maid, and she and her sister had saved money enough to set up a milliner's shop which had been patronized by the ladies in the neighborhood. They would not sell their caps and ribbons and bonnets to any but the aristocracy. They were self-denying, good people; many a time I have seen the eldest of them carrying delicacies to a poor person; they only aped their betters in "having nothing to do" with the class immediately below their own. When Miss Barker died it was found that their profits were such that Miss Betty was justified in shutting up the shop and retiring from business. She dressed finer than any lady in Cranford, and we did not wonder at it, for it was understood that she was wearing out all the bonnets and caps and outrageous ribbons which had once formed her stock in trade.

And now Miss Betty Barker had called to invite Miss Matty to tea at her house on the following Tuesday. She gave me also an invitation, as I happened to be a visitor.

"Mrs. Jamieson is coming, I think you said?" asked Miss Matty.

"Yes, Mrs. Jamieson most kindly and condescendingly said she would be happy to come. One little stipulation she made—that she should bring Carlo. I told her that if I had a weakness, it was for dogs."

"And Miss Pole?"

"I am going to ask Miss Pole; but of course I could not think of asking her until I had asked you, dear madam."

"And Mrs. Forrester, of course?"

"And Mrs. Forrester. I thought, in fact, of going to her before I went to Miss Pole. Although her circumstances are changed, we can never forget that she was born a Tyrrell."

"Mrs. Fitz-Adam—I suppose—"

"No, madam, I must draw a line somewhere. Mrs. Jamieson would not, I think, like to meet Mrs. Fitz-Adam."

I remember how a convocation of ladies had assembled to decide whether or not Mrs. Fitz-Adam should be called upon by the old blue-blooded inhabitants of Cranford. She was the widowed sister of the Cranford surgeon, and not a person of high station.

The spring evenings were getting bright and long when four ladies met at Miss Barker's door. Two or three children left their play in the quiet, sunny little street and gathered in wondering silence round Miss Pole, Miss Matty, and myself. We were silent too, and we could hear loud, suppressed whispers inside Miss Barker's house: "Wait, Peggy; wait till I've run upstairs and washed my hands. When I cough, open the door. I'll not be a minute."

And, true enough, it was not a minute before we heard a noise, between a sneeze and a crow, on which the door flew open. Behind it stood a round-eyed maiden who ushered us into a small room which had been the shop but was now converted into a temporary dressing-room. There we unpinned and shook ourselves and arranged our features before the glass into a sweet and gracious company-face; then, bowing, with "After you, ma'am," we followed Mrs. Forrester up the narrow staircase that led to Miss Barker's drawing-room. There she sat, as stately and composed as if we had never heard that odd-sounding cough, from which her throat must have been even then sore and rough. Kind, gentle Mrs. Forrester was immediately conducted to the second place of honor—the place of preëminence was of course reserved for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, who came presently panting up the stairs—Carlo rushing round her on her progress as if he meant to trip her up.

And now Miss Betty Barker was a proud and happy woman! She stirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, tottering under the weight of the tea tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest

Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. Peggy and her mistress were on very familiar terms in their everyday intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear, but which she thought it her duty as a lady to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's sides and signs till at last, seized by a bright idea, she exclaimed, "Poor, sweet Carlo! I'm forgetting him. Come downstairs with me, poor little doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall!"

In a few minutes she returned, but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor little doggie" anything to eat, judging by the way in which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tray was abundantly loaded; I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry, but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done so at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seedcake, slowly and considerably, as she did everything, and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. However, Mrs. Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life, and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seedcake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's.

After tea, overcome by the heat of the room and inclined to doze by nature, the temptation of that very comfortable armchair was too much for the grand Mrs. Jamieson. Soon she was nodding; once or twice she opened her eyes with an effort and calmly but unconsciously smiled upon us, but by and by even her benevolence was not equal to this exertion; she was sound asleep.

"It is very gratifying to me," whispered Miss Barker, "very gratifying indeed, to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my humble dwelling. She could not have paid me a greater compliment."

Miss Barker provided me with some literature in the shape of three or four handsomely bound fashion-books ten or twelve years old, observing, as she placed a little table and a candle for my special benefit, that she knew young people liked to look at pictures. Carlo lay and snored at his mistress's feet; he too was quite at home.

The four older ladies played cards, and the card-table was an animated scene to watch; four ladies' heads all nearly meeting over the middle of the table in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough; and every now and then came Miss Barker's "Hush, ladies—if you please, hush! Mrs. Jamieson is asleep." It was difficult to steer clear between Mrs. Forrester's deafness and Mrs. Jamieson's sleepiness, but Miss Barker managed her arduous task well.

She repeated the whisper to Mrs. Forrester, distorting her face considerably in order to show by the motion of her lips what was said, and then she smiled kindly all around at us, and murmured to herself, "Very gratifying indeed. I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day."

Presently the door was thrown wide open. Carlo started to his feet with a loud, snapping bark, and Mrs. Jamieson awoke; or perhaps she had not been asleep—as she said, almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but she had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation.

Peggy came in once more, with another tray—all sorts of good things. We were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best, and we thought it best to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility—which never ate suppers in general, but which, like most non-supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Mrs. Jamieson's heart opened, and she told us of a coming event, respecting which she had been quite silent until that moment. "My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me."

There was a chorus of "Indeed," and then a pause. Each one rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, as to its fitness to appear in the presence of a Baron's widow; for of course a series of small festivals were always held in Cranford on the arrival of a visitor at any of our friends' houses. We felt very pleasantly excited.

FRIENDSHIP is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind is agreed.—*Cicero*.

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it. For the rest you will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still never mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honeyed fruit at top.—*Ruskin*.

PRaise is well, blame is well; but affection is the final and most precious reward that any man can win.—*Mark Twain*.

As each step of a staircase lifts our feet and makes us ready for the next advance, so the faithful doing of the duties of each day fits us for those which the next day has in store.

CHOICES

ALL through life we must keep choosing. Destiny hangs on "yes" and "no." As we look back, it is to wonder what would have happened if we had gone the other way when the road forked.

Many of us feel misplaced in a vocation. We keep on in the furrow where we are, because it seems too late to change, or because there are some whose welfare we cannot jeopardize. We chide ourselves that we made a wrong decision long ago.

On life's bargain-counter are wares piled up for the pleasing of all tastes. We marvel that some eagerly select what we contemptuously reject. In other people's houses we find a style of furnishing that we could not agree to live with. Music or painting or literature that is meat for one mind is poison for another. Our tastes are as various as our natures. The spiritual and the sentimental, the refined and the devout, find a chasm between the things they care to do and the vulgar, soulless pursuits of those who live ephemerally, like the brutes, with no heed to answer anything but the crude, elemental physical appetites.

How can Nature originate so great a variety of patterns? We speak of the mass of mankind, the public, as if it was all one. But it presents a bewildering variation. Human beings are as different from one another as their parental influences and their environments and their personal natures are different. Flesh and blood can never be run in a mould of monotonous uniformity. The fascination of travel is in the endless variety of mankind that one encounters, more than in silent buildings or inarticulate scenery.

The choice of personal associates is the all-influencing choice. To go wrong here is the likeliest way to cripple one's chances of eminence or of plain, everyday success. A man goes into business with partners guilty of malfeasance, and they pull him down. A woman marries the wrong husband, and though her courage may keep her at the sticking point and may enable her to preserve the appearance of domestic felicity, all that makes for the ideal relationship is absent. The basis of happiness is not in things, but in people. Those of us who are thoroughly normal cannot get along without congenial society. The kind of person we choose to be with is the first and surest indication of character. The worthiest must be uneasy and unhappy in the company of the worst; and the best will naturally seek the best.

What a man chooses, he is.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THE WATER-CARRIER'S FORTUNE

(Concluded from the July-August issue)

PEREGIL agreed to Juan's plan.

All day he went with the donkey up hill and down hill, up and down, and sold the clear, cool contents of his water-jars, wondering all the time if riches could actually be waiting for him, Peregil, in a cavern under the palace tower! When at last it was night and the rest of the townsfolk were sound asleep, he slipped quietly out of his house and met the wise Juan at the foot of the familiar rocky path. He carried the candle,—not yet lighted,—and the merchant, who had been studying all day over the mysterious directions, told him to guard it as his very life.

"I perceive," said Juan, "that this taper is precisely what the charm calls for. It is made of seven rare kinds of wax and precious gums and perfumes, some of which have never been known in our country at all. While it burns the charm will work; but I understand that when its lighted flame goes out no human power or strength will do us any good."

The moon, shining through the trees, gave light enough for them to grope their way to a certain spot far up on the hill, where tangled bushes had grown thickly against the foundation stones of a ruined tower.

"This is the place, as the charm describes it," declared the merchant. "Now light the candle and hold it in your left hand."

Peregil did as he was told. He repeated certain strange words as they were read to him from the parchment, and the other man for his part made such strange motions and repeated several times such outlandish syllables as might have made any onlooker think him a madman. But there were no onlookers. Only the two treasure-seekers heard each other's voices as they practiced the required forms.

And then—then, by the mingled light of the distant moon and the near-by candle, someone else did appear before them: a queer, tall soldier in ancient Moorish uniform, looking as if he had come back from the long-vanished days when his people ruled Granada. The ghostly Moor said not a word, but he touched one of the heavy foundation stones and, lo! it swung inward like a door. Then the Moor beckoned and the two Spaniards followed.

By the dim candle-flame they saw that they were in a cave with walls of rough stone. Around the walls were piled great wooden chests, and tall jars of earthenware stood here and there. Peregil lifted the lid of a chest, and was amazed by the splendor of the rich stuffs that it held—rugs as thick as forest moss and as fine as velvet; silken cloaks embroidered with designs in marvelous colors; bracelets and buckles and rings,

set with jewels that fairly dazzled him with their brilliancy.

Juan thrust a hand into one of the tall jars and brought it out full of gold coins—so full that he could not hold them all; some of the smaller gold pieces fell back with a tinkly clink. It was like having one's fingers drip money.

The two men said not a word to each other, but both, accepting what seemed to be a mute invitation from the ghostly Moor, filled their pockets and the loose folds of their shirts with such treasure as they could most quickly choose. Then the silent guard pointed to the door, and they went out as quickly as possible. A draught of wind extinguished the candle the moment they were outside.

They rubbed their eyes. There was no door in the massive stone wall! There was no silent Moorish guard! There were only the trees and the bushes and the pale moonlight—yes, and their amazing loads of treasure!

The two friends made their way back to the town without meeting a soul.

Peregil did not work with the donkey the next day. He gave some of the silken stuff to his wife to make a fine new gown, and he spent three large gold pieces to improve the house and give the children a treat. The children had the time of their lives, but they got their kind father into deep trouble, by boasting to the neighbor's children about their father's riches.

"Rich?" said the neighbor's wife. "What on earth does this mean? It must be that the old man who died in Peregil's house had great wealth and that Peregil robbed him."

Three or four other people heard the rumor, and before long the mayor heard it, too. Then he was in a mighty rage, for he believed that Peregil had deceived him. An officer was sent to arrest Peregil on suspicion of having robbed—perhaps murdered—the old man who died in his house.

Peregil had a bright idea. He did not want to give the secret away to the whole town, but evidently he could not keep it to himself; so he begged to see the mayor alone, and very respectfully told the complete truth.

Unfortunately, the mayor was both greedy and selfish. He decided that the ancient treasure ought to belong to himself alone, in order to give suitable dignity to the town's governor. He sent for the learned Juan and questioned him with threatening severity. Then it was arranged that the mayor and his trusted officer should climb the hill on the first dark night, and take possession of the entire mass of treasure.

Peregil and Juan were afraid that plan would not work, but the mayor commanded them to hold their tongues unless they desired to end their days in prison.

So four men climbed the hill, Juan with the

magic-working parchment, Peregil with the candle,—what there was left of it,—and the mayor and the officer carrying great empty sacks of stout linen, which they meant to take home full.

Before the old gray stonewall the party came to a halt. Peregil lighted the bit of wax candle. He and Juan repeated the words and motions of the Moorish spell.

The mayor, who was stout and not used to hill-climbing, all but lost his breath when, all at once, without a sound, the ghost of the Moorish guard appeared out of the dim air and made the stone turn inward, door-fashion. The mayor and the officer pushed into the cavern, in a great hurry. Peregil and Juan started to follow.

"Stay where you are, fellows," ordered the mayor. "Hold the candle high in the doorway, but do you both remain outside. This is my own affair."

Peregil heard the rustle of silken stuffs crammed into sacks. Again gold pieces jingled and tinkled, and rang as they fell on the stone floor. "Your honor," he called to the mayor, "it is necessary to come out at once; the candle is almost burned away."

"Hurry! Hurry!" urged Juan, "or something terrible may befall you!"

"Mind your own business," replied the mayor. "I shall take all the time I want."

The candle in Peregil's trembling fingers flickered—wavered—died down and revived. And then, all in the fraction of a second, the last morsel of wax was burned. The stone door closed. The Moorish guard vanished. Juan dropped the parchment, and a sudden gust of wind blew it away. And Peregil was left with three scorched fingers.

Unless there is somewhere in the world another copy of the magic writing and another charm-candle like the first, it is hardly probable that the mayor will ever be let out of the ancient treasure-cavern or that anybody else will ever be let in.—(*Adapted from Irving.*)

A MAN in a hospital for mental cases sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.—*DePaulo Daily.*

DECIDEDLY NOT

JACK—Is your engagement a secret?

TOM—No, the girl knows it.

CORRECT

TEACHER—What is memory?

PUPIL—Please, sir, it's the thing what you forget with.

HIS PRAISE

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee!

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my troubled breast,
Thou hast spared me!

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee!

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me!

Seven whole days—not one in seven—
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee!

George Herbert.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT once divided success into two kinds: the rare kind which comes to the man who can do what no one else can do, to the genius, and the commoner kind, which comes to the man who has developed ordinary qualities further than most men. This distinction would be difficult to draw in practice. There can be no doubt that the musical genius of Mozart included special powers, which in the ordinary man are not only undeveloped, but even nonexistent. But Napoleon also was a genius; and we cannot say that any of his powers do not exist in the ordinary man. His genius, and even his almost magical influence over men, were only the result of an extraordinary combination and development of ordinary powers. We cannot say that he had a special faculty, such as we find in great artists; and, indeed, Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, took Napoleon as the man of the world, seeming therefore to insist upon the fact that his genius consisted only of ordinary qualities very highly developed. Again, men are often born with a very wonderful special faculty, whether for musical composition, or chess-playing, or mathematics, whom no one would call men of genius. The technical gift of Mozart is not very uncommon; but we do not call it genius unless it is combined with the less specialized and less easily defined power of using it to express something of moment. Such gifts are mere tools, whose value depends upon the manner in which they are used, although

the man who does not possess them must be continually hampered by the lack of them.

But Roosevelt, who was addressing an audience mainly consisting of ordinary men, was inclined to insist upon the fact that success in most things can be obtained without these extraordinary gifts. He took the line of Sir Joshua Reynolds: the portrait-painter, who, in addressing the students of the Academy, almost contended that there was no such thing as genius, even in painting, and that a man of ordinary gifts could reach the highest excellence in it by a right and assiduous use of his powers.

Here we are not far from the idea that genius consists in taking pains. But, when we say that the right kind of pains must always be taken, we leave genius a good deal of its mystery. For one of the main difficulties in every activity, whether art or statesmanship or science or business, is to take the right kind of pains: to attempt what is best suited to the powers of the individual and also to the object he has in view. There is a kind of sagacity needed for this which we cannot analyze, and for the lack of which the most splendid natural gifts are often wasted. Thus, when Roosevelt tells us that for great success all we need is the extraordinary development of ordinary qualities, he still leaves us in the dark about that power which some men possess of developing ordinary qualities into an extraordinary efficiency for a particular purpose. There is the secret of success, which he has not analyzed, and which we do not explain when we call it will, or energy, or character, or common-sense. It is not merely will, or energy, because there is in it a power of direction which these words do not imply. "Character" is a word too vague, and used in too many different senses, to explain anything; and as for common-sense, the very fact that it is common prevents it from being the cause of uncommon success.

In men who succeed greatly—whether we call them men or genius or not—there is often an urgency of desire, not to be found in the great masses of mankind. They seem to know very clearly what they want to do, and from the first they employ all their powers in doing it. By a kind of instinct they plan their lives so that no effort of theirs is wasted, and so that all their experiences and actions have a cumulative power; and this is the case whether their success is material or spiritual or scientific or artistic. When we read the lives of great men, we cannot but be struck by the manner in which all kinds of experiences that might in themselves seem to be random, or even disastrous, are utilized in their long run.

There are saints who would never have attained to such a height and subtlety of virtue if they had not been sinners in their youth. There are artists, who, through early hack-work, obtain a

peculiar pliancy and swiftness of accomplishment. There are statesmen who seem to learn all that they need to know about men in a quiet country life. Such were Saint Augustine, Shakespeare, and Cromwell—all as different from each other as men could be, yet having in common the mysterious and most valuable power of profiting by every kind of experience. Cromwell, indeed, seems to have become a statesman and general only because the emergency called for him. But for the English Civil War he might have been a country gentleman all his life. And yet he must have been learning from the first, and from all his quite ordinary experiences, lessons such as most men never learn at all. In fact, he must have had that mental power of digestion which is the main secret of success even in those activities which also need very special gifts—the power which made Rembrandt a greater painter than Van Dyck, Beethoven a greater musical composer than Mendelssohn, Shakespeare a greater poet than Fletcher; which, wherever it is used, always sets the master far above the mere brilliant specialist.—*London Times*.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat;

They took some honey, and plenty of money

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above

And sang to a small guitar,

"Oh lovely Pussy, oh Pussy, my love,

What a beautiful Pussy you are,

You are,

What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Puss said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,

How wonderful sweet you sing!

Come, let us be married; too long have we
tarried;

But what shall we do for a ring?"

So they sailed away for a year and a day

To the land where the bong-tree grows,

And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,

With a ring in the end of its nose,

Its nose,

With a ring in the end of its nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon,

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

—*Edward Lear*.

THE CRUELTY OF THE STEEL TRAP

THE imprisonment in a Kentucky cave of Floyd Collins, and his sufferings during the period of more than two weeks while the rescue work had been going on, has aroused various humane societies of the country to use the experience of that unfortunate man as propaganda against the use of the cruel steel traps for catching fur-bearing animals.

It is rightly contended by the societies which are directing their efforts towards the prevention of cruelty to animals that the steel trap inflicts great suffering on its victims and frequently the agony of the fur-bearing animals is protracted for days and days, the meantime being without food or drink, and suffering similar or even worse tortures than those experienced by the victim of the Kentucky cavern.

It is shown that in some sections where the trapping is conducted on an extensive scale that the trappers are able to make but a single round of their traps in a week or longer; meantime the animals are left to suffer not only great physical pain, but from cold and hunger and from the fear that seizes wild animals when in such circumstances. It is proposed to substitute some more humane method of capturing fur-bearing animals so that they may be spared the days of suffering, and also there is to be set afoot a movement to reduce the popularity of furs and thus lessen the demand for the pelts and lives of wild animals.—*Wilmington Every Evening*.

REFERENCE

"STRANGE she should reject Robert; he has such a fine family tree."

"But the man she accepted has a fine business plant."

THAT'S THE EFFECT ON US

Café sign in New Haven—"For supper—and all through the night: A toasted cheese sandwich."

MORE SARCASM

WAITER—How did you order your steak, sir?

IMPATIENT DINER—Orally, I'm sorry to say.

I see now I should have ordered it by mail two weeks in advance.

EFFICIENCY

"TIME never drags with me; I tackle the job nearest at hand and am always busy."

"I see. To make the hours go fast you use the spur of the moment."

WE can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—*George Eliot*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

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